

THE QUIVER

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"The child pointed to the newly-gathered white rose."—p. 51.

ESTHER WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE."

CHAPTER VII.—THE INEVITABLE.

LEAVING her quiet, thoughtful Sarah to keep house in her absence, Mary Potter took her two youngest, Mary and little Johnny, to meet Timothy Wiggett, as appointed, at Covent Garden Market,

and be driven over to Hurst, to stay there till Tuesday morning.

The two little ones were in a state of the highest glce, which had the effect, just then, of still further

saddening their mother, though she was glad enough to see them enjoying themselves, too. Mary would not have left her post, even for three days, but that she felt her strength failing in the struggle—the struggle to be the cheerful, kindly housemother she felt that she might have been. It was the “might have been” that haunted Mary; what Martin might have been to her, and she to him. The sad thoughts had been getting the better of her lately, marring her naturally sweet and gracious temper. For the sake of her children, her unloved, and sometimes she could not help thinking unlovely children, it behoved her to keep up. Away for three days, she felt as if she could calm and smooth her ruffled spirits, and get peace into her heart.

She was very silent during the long drive; but her voice was hardly missed in the incessant chatter of the children, who had thrown off all their first reserve toward Mr. Wiggett, in the delight of rapid movement, to which the cracking of his whip so evidently contributed.

Mrs. Wiggett was waiting for them, in a black cap with pink roses and velvet streamers, and a gown of plum-coloured silk. She held out her hand to Mary, mentally exclaiming, “Can that be Mary Potter, who used to hold her head so high?” And Mary stooped to kiss her, as she used to do when a girl; but the face she stooped to was no longer soft and bright—it was only hard and coarse. The change struck her sensitive spirit, without wording it even to herself, and she burst into tears. The two little ones clinging to her gown looked gloomily at Mrs. Wiggett, Master Johnny going so far as to clench his fist at her as the cause of the calamity, his mother sobbing aloud, with her face hidden in her hands.

Sally's not too tender heart softened toward her old companion, who took on in this way at the sight of her, and Timothy, with a queer sensation in his nose, which caused him to emit some extraordinary gruntings, laid his broad, brown hand on her shoulder, and comforted her in an inarticulate fashion, so that Mary was not long in recovering her self-control, and declaring that her cry had done her good.

Mrs. Wiggett did not take to the children, and naturally the children did not take to her; but Mr. Wiggett did, and so he soon carried them off with him into the garden, where he encouraged them in the eating of a quantity of fruit, which it would have made their mother pale with alarm to see them dispose of. Then came the early substantial dinner, after which Timothy enjoyed a short period of calm repose; but the restless little creatures, who had already taken possession of him with the sure instinct that he was their slave for the present, body and soul, would not suffer him to rest. He was trotted out again and set to work, they desiring nothing better than to watch his every movement.

And while the little folk were thus employed, the two matrons paced quietly along the well-kept walks,

in the afternoon sunshine, talking of the days of old. Mary in her dark-brown dress, with a slight structure of cheap black lace tucked in somehow behind her ears and falling to her throat, looked handsome still. The throat was still white and round, and the fully developed figure had a grace of its own, a sober dignity, which contrasted with the woman at her side; the fair brown hair was yet long and abundant, and only beginning to be sprinkled with grey—a woman who looked fit to be a good man's bosom friend—a mother whom sons and daughters might have been proud of and thankful for.

On the Monday following the last Saturday in June, Mrs. West was to give a dinner-party in honour of Milly Vaughan's engagement. Indeed, they were going to make a day of it, for there was to be a picnic in the woods first, to finish up with the dinner in the evening; in all of which arrangements Mrs. West was only a consenting party, for Esther and the Vaughans had planned the whole, and on Esther fell the burden of the necessary preparations. There was not much of a garden at “The Cedars.” The ground about the house was laid out in grass, which, with the fine trees about the place, both Mrs. West and Esther preferred to gay parterres. And now, when the latter wanted flowers for the rooms, there were not enough for her purpose. Wanting to purchase some, and also some fruit, she applied to Mrs. Moss, and Mrs. Moss sent her on to Mr. Wiggett. Therefore, on this Saturday afternoon, while Mary Potter and Mrs. Wiggett were pacing up and down the garden, Esther was on her way to it in order to make her purchases. Esther was not driving; for Mrs. West was with her in the pony carriage, and was going farther on for her daily airing, while Esther made sure of her flowers and fruit.

“You will call for me in half an hour,” said the latter, alighting at the gate in the privet hedge. “I dare say I shall be some time, and I can stay in the garden till you come.”

As she entered the walk, she saw the backs of the two women at their promenade; and at the foot of the garden a man was at work with two children watching him. She took the side walk towards the latter, as in all probability the man was Mr. Wiggett himself.

She was soon at his side, and ascertaining that he was the gardener, she stated her name and errand, and as he raised a very puzzled red face from his work, and began to speak in a very hesitating manner, she mentioned that Mrs. Moss had sent her, and hoped that she had been right in doing so.

“Oh, certainly, certainly—that is——” and he stared, and grew as red as a peony, till Esther thought she had never seen so strange a man.

She turned to the children, till this curiously-shy man should recover himself, which he seemed to do, as he watched the retreating figures of the two

women. At first they, too, were shy; but her beauty and her winning smile conquered little Mary, who soon gave her her hand in token of friendship.

Might she see the garden, as she had to wait for the carriage and her mamma? Esther was sure her little friend would show her the way.

The permission came from the owner of the garden with the same uncertainty of speech, and the same decided deepening of hue. Esther was glad Constance was not with her, she would never have been able to keep her gravity. However, he led the way—not towards the house, but towards another square, walled round with privet. Within this, there was nothing but strawberry-beds and roses; but such strawberries, and such roses! Mr. Wiggett came to himself more thoroughly in giving Esther the names of his aristocratic favourites; came to himself so far as to ask her the common question, "Are you fond of flowers?"

But he did not get quite the common answer, with its more or less of real or feigned enthusiasm.

"I don't know," she answered—"that is, if I am fond of them as I know some are. I would rather have the green grass and the shadows of trees, without a single blossom, than these great bands of red, and yellow, and blue, like the lines on a target. I love the daffodils, that come up at the foot of the meadow—'a host of golden daffodils' (and her face glowed with real enthusiasm), "and I like to discover a bed of violets, or a knot of primroses in the woods."

It was rank heresy, to Mr. Wiggett. He looked upon flowers as the creations of gardening genius, and he considered all those common things, that grew of themselves, as no better than weeds. Nevertheless, he proceeded to gather a few of his finest specimens for Esther, enlarging, as he did so, on the merits of each.

"This dazzling creature would go far to make any one a lover of cultured beauty," said Esther, as he added a glorious white rose to those she held already in her hand.

Just then she looked down at the little girl, who was following silently. Her eyes were fixed on the flowers with a wistful expression, and at the last gift she had clasped her little hands together, as if she could worship it. She had been sated with fruit, but the good gardener had not thought of offering her a flower, and the craving for the beautiful thing went out of the child's eyes.

"I should so like to offer her one, to let her take her choice, if you will not think me rude to dispose of your gifts," said Esther, noticing the look, and having already ascertained that she was not his own child, but a little stranger from the city.

Mr. Wiggett assented cheerfully, and Esther offered the little girl her choice from the cluster of roses she carried in her hand. Trembling with eagerness, the child pointed to the newly-gathered white rose, which Esther gave her, first picking off a

great thorn, lest it should wound the little hand. The pretty mouth was held up to the giver with a kiss of grateful thanks.

"You little darling," said Esther, returning the kiss; "what is your name?"

"Polly," replied the child, in the sweetest lisping voice.

"What more?" said Esther.

"Polly Potter." Then she smiled shyly, and said, with her pretty lip, "Whath yourth?"

"Esther."

"Ethter; what elth?" said Polly, with a gleam of childish humour.

But Mr. Wiggett just then rose from stooping among the strawberries, his face redder than ever, and a huge berry in his hand, crying—

"There, Polly, run to your mother, and take her this."

He dropped it into the little open palm, which it quite covered, and the child trotted off, looking back once or twice as she carried her treasures.

Mr. Wiggett was very happy to escort Esther to the gate, where Mrs. West was now waiting. As he did so he looked up the path, down which his wife and Mary Potter were again advancing, after having been round all the rest of the garden. Little Mary was walking by her mother's side, holding her rose to her bosom, and shielding it with one little hand, as one shields from the draught a lighted candle, and repeating to herself the word "Esther." She had a curious habit of stringing any simple word that pleased her to a tune picked up from one of the numerous street-musicians that infest the district bordering on Belgravia. But just then nobody was paying any attention to Polly.

Mrs. West, seated in her pony carriage at the garden gate, in the shadow of the trees that rose on each side of it, looked up the broad, sunny path for Esther's coming, and saw, as in a picture, the two women and the little girl. By instinct she turned away her head, but she had seen enough to make her heart beat faint. It was some little time before she remembered (for she did not trust herself to look again), the face of the other and smaller woman; it was the tall figure that arrested her, and in an instant flashed upon her brain by the keen sunlight in which it stood, had photographed itself there. It was Mary Potter.

The unhappy lady sank back in her carriage in a cowering attitude. In that moment, all power of action seemed to desert her, and she felt like one awaiting some inevitable blow. She could not rouse herself, even when Esther came and took her place beside her; till, looking in her face, and seeing the fixed and drawn expression which it wore in pain, the girl took her hand, and whispered, "You are ill, mamma."

Mrs. West gave a gesture of assent, and whispered, "Home."

"Drive home," Esther repeated, still holding her mother's hand, a look of deep anxiety gathering in her face.

At the same time, Mr. Wiggett, turning his back upon them, began to wipe his forehead with his brown silk handkerchief, and to consider a very hard question. "Something will happen if she's not told," he said to himself. "It's the awkwardest piece o' work that ever fell to my lot; but she must be told this very night,"—a resolve which he took an opportunity of quietly communicating to his wife in the course of the afternoon.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RESPIRE.

MR. WIGGETT held that meals ought never to be spoiled with unpleasant talk—and a very good rule it is; but after supper, he drew his chair back to the table, to begin in business-like fashion. Mary had taken a seat in the window, and was looking out into the garden, as if she could not get enough of looking. She started at Mr. Wiggett's voice saying, "We've som'at to tell you, Mary; but you must not be put out." Honest Timothy's tone was too tragic.

She started, and rose to her feet. "It's about Esther," she cried; "is she dead?"

"No, that she aint," said Mr. Wiggett; "she's alive, and well, and as handsome a lady as you'd wish to set eyes on. It was she who kissed Polly, and gave her the rose to-day."

"Why was I not told?" cried Mary, bitterly.

"It was done for the best, both for you and the girl," said Timothy. "She hasn't a notion of the truth. It would be a pity to give her a shock like."

"To find out that her mother's a poor woman, instead of a rich lady," cried Mary, still more bitterly.

"There, there," said Timothy, alarmed at the agitation in Mary's face and manner; "I wouldn't have told you if I'd thought you'd take on so. I'll say no more." A threat at which Mary calmed herself, and begged to be told all that he knew, which, after all, was not much to satisfy the cravings of the mother's heart. He took it upon himself, however, to pronounce Esther perfectly happy.

"Well, it's better for her, perhaps, as it is, though I had rather she had shared with the rest."

"Of course it's better for her," said Mrs. Wiggett, sharply, "and she'll none thank you if you spoil her fortune by interfering now."

It might be so. Mary acknowledged it by a despairing silence. Esther, her own Esther, might not be thankful to know her true mother, but the reverse. "I must see her!" she exclaimed, at length.

Both her hearers assented soothingly. It was but right and natural that she should.

"I could see her at the church to-morrow, could I not," said Mary, "without—without letting her know?"

"They don't sit in Hurst Church," replied Mrs.

Wiggett, "or else I would have found this out long ago; and I've only known it a week. They go over to Thornford, I dare say."

"I'll take you over there to-morrow morning on the chance," said Timothy; "it's the only other church within some miles;" and then he launched out in praise of Esther's good looks, thinking to comfort poor Mary; but she was not to be comforted thus, for she only longed all the more for the true comfort of again calling Esther her own.

The sight of the woman she had wronged seemed to have deprived Mrs. West of all power to think or act, and to have paralysed her mind as a fatality paralyses. The time had gone by when flight would have presented itself as an alternative. But it was open to her to confide in Esther, and so disarm the future of its fear. And this might seem a very easy alternative. Once it would have seemed so to her, before all that her act entailed had become apparent to her. But it did not seem so now. The aspect of the great error of her life seemed so much darker and more dreadful now, viewed in the light of all the deceit it had entailed, and of all the suffering it was sure to entail, that she shrank from revealing it; preferring to await the approaching fate that might crush her: for it seemed to her that it would pull down the whole fabric of her darling's life. Oh! if the fate would but tarry till her happiness was in the keeping of a husband whom she loved. How gladly would she see the love she had coveted pass away from her.

But when Esther had gone away to Thornford Church, which was at some little distance, a sudden resolution seized on Mrs. West, and that resolution was, to go forth and meet Mary Potter face to face. For this purpose she thought it best to go to church in Hurst village, whither the Wiggetts would in all probability take their guest.

Thornford was one of the smallest of churches; a single aisle, with four plain pointed windows on one side, and three on the other; a door occupying the place of the fourth on that side. The pulpit and reading-desk were between the four windows; and the pews, facing one another, met there, leaving space for a small chancel. It was a very homely church, and the preacher's voice in it had a homely sound. Mrs. Potter was there early; and how glad she was that she had taken Polly with her! The presence of her children always calmed and strengthened Mary. Many a time the babe at her breast had seemed to hush all trouble and discord there. It was with a vague feeling that she needed this strengthening influence that she had taken with her the unconscious little maiden. As the bell ceased clanging overhead, and no Mrs. West appeared—for to her presence Mary was trusting for the identification of her daughter—Polly pulled down her mother's head towards her, and whispered, "Thereth the pretty lady who gave me the roth."

"Where?" whispered her mother in reply.

Polly unceremoniously pointed with her small finger to a young lady who had entered an opposite pew alone, and who, raising her head at the moment, smiled, for an instant, a grave half-warning smile to the little girl.

Often during the service Polly looked at her friend, copying unconsciously her movements. But if the child looked often, the woman at her side scarcely ever lifted her sad eyes from Esther's face. Happily, the latter was too earnest in her attention to the service to notice this.

When at length the congregation were dismissed, and streamed out through the porch into the grassy churchyard, sleeping in the white noonday light, Esther looked round for little Polly, but neither she nor her mother was to be seen. While the people were engaged in their closing act of worship, Mary Potter had stolen out, gone round the end of the church, and seated herself upon a flat tombstone, holding Polly's hand, and making the child stand hushed with awe in the presence of that strife of the spirit which was visible in her white face and crushed attitude. The desire had come upon her to disregard all consideration of her child's happiness, or her husband's wishes, whatever they might be, and disclose herself to Esther. She had anticipated the latter's speaking to the child, however, and knew that she was unequal to bearing it in silence, and therefore she had passed out quickly beyond the reach of an overmastering temptation. She did not rise till all were out of sight and hearing, and the temptation had passed away.

And while Mary was at Thornford, Mrs. West was looking for her in vain, scanning every face in the somewhat larger and less picturesque church of Hurst, with trembling eagerness. She was leaving it with the rest of the congregation, when there flashed upon her the face, not of Mary Potter, but of Sarah Wiggett—known to her only as Sarah Brown—who had worked for her on more than one occasion. Whence were these faces rising out of the past to accuse her? What had brought them together here?

Sarah was alone, Mr. Wiggett having gone home to act as dry nurse to Master Johnny, after having conveyed Johnny's mother to Thornford. On the impulse of the moment Mrs. West went up to her.

"I see you remember me, Mrs. Brown," she said, softly.

"Beg your pardon, Mrs. West," said Sally, in her hardest tone, "Brown aint my name now."

The words were accompanied by a look of what seemed such dire offence that poor Mrs. West blundered into the idea that she had renounced her husband's name, and was angry at the bare mention of it.

"I am sorry to have hurt you, Sarah," said the gentle lady (she had once been very kind to the

forsaken little woman), "but I do not remember your name."

"I don't know that you ever heard it," Sarah made answer, stepping on, followed by Mrs. West, whose pony carriage was waiting. "My name's Wiggett, if you please, Mrs. Wiggett."

"Your husband died in Australia, then? I hoped that he might live to make amends for the wrong he did you. He expressed his regret to Mr. West's brother, when they met, but that is years ago. If you never heard from him, you may be glad to hear that he was sorry," she went on, in her eagerness to pour balm into an old wound, which perhaps she had opened. "My nephew is coming home in a few weeks, and he may be able to tell you something about him."

"I don't want to hear anything about him," said Sarah, defiantly. "I hope he got his deserts, that's all."

To Mrs. West's gentle nature, Sarah's feelings were simply incomprehensible; but she thought, in her humility, that it was because she had done wrong, that it seemed to her so easy to forgive. Sarah was now walking far beyond her companion's pace, who had signed for her carriage to follow her, as she passed a little way up the road that led through the village, by Mrs. Wiggett's side.

"Is Mary Potter living with you?" she took courage at length to ask.

"Yes," was the ungracious answer, given with a look of fierce contempt.

"Would you take a message to her from me?"

"I'd rather not," she replied. "Mary Potter knows where you are, and that's enough."

There was nothing more to be said, and thus repulsed, Mrs. West fell back upon her carriage. Her feeble effort to avert the inevitable had failed, she would make no other. When she reached home, she had still some time to wait until Esther arrived. With her ineffable freshness and brightness she burst in upon the weary, fading woman like a breath of spring. Every little out-door incident was something to bring to her mother. Esther had told her all about Polly Potter in the garden, and now she told her how she had been pointed out by the little thing to her mother, and how both had disappeared at the close of the service, Esther supposed into one of the cottages which stood close by the church.

A sense of infinite relief came to Mrs. West as Esther proceeded—a sense of deep gratitude and thankfulness that she—that Esther—had been spared the sudden revelation. Mary Potter, it seemed, had no desire to claim her child; she had but gratified her natural wish to see her, and had been content to go away as a stranger. It almost seemed to justify Mrs. West in having taken possession of her, since she valued so highly the treasure of which another could think so lightly.

(To be continued.)

WITH A WILL.

THERE are men so weak, so shallow,
 Their hands and wits alike lie fallow,
 As 'mid their feeble, petty labours,
 They fret for endless pipes and tabors;
 Giving neither strength nor skill
 With a will.

May be some poor, simple duty,
 With promise nor of fame nor beauty;
 May be all a life's salvation;
 May be welfare of a nation;
 Await what one hand can fulfil
 With a will.

Let it be the meanest, poorest
 Taskwork thou its slave endurest;
 Soul oppressive in its dulness—
 Stirring in its grandness, fulness—
 Each alike should thee instil
 With a will.

What thy hand and brain may fashion,
 Urged by duty's heavenly passion,
 Like a gift blessed in the donor,
 Thee shall bring reward and honour,
 So both hand and bosom thrill
 With a will.

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GODHEAD.

A FRAGMENT.—BY THE REV. J. D. OWEN, M.A.

REMEMBER, Jesus is the name by whom, as the Son of God, "we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." This passage illustrates, as it seems to me, the practical unity in the Trinity of our faith. It is the experimental mystery, which is no mystery to us in our devotions, involving no obscurity in our views; it is a faith, in communion with which, the believer verifies his Master's pledge: "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God." This is no ordinary privilege; it is one which calls for the deepest gratitude of believers, for it attracted even their Saviour's acknowledgment when he cried, "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The babe tests no word of its parent by rules of arithmetic, or balancings of probability; its confidence is reposed, not on what is said, but on *who* saith it. So the child of God, born as a babe in Christ, is content with the single sufficient sanction, "Thus saith the Lord!" Accordingly, when the Teacher of the word of God in truth affirms, "I and my Father are one," the believer feels no anomaly, no contradiction, no moral difficulty in receiving the doctrine of the unity of the Father, and of the Son. Nor is there any more insuperable obstacle to his believing further, that a third Person, God the Holy Ghost, is included in the same indivisible Unity of Godhead. None but the Almighty can secure the truth that Father and Son are one. No more almightiness is required to reconcile the hypothesis of three in one, than of two in one. A Trinity is no greater mystery than a Duality, nor Trinity nor Duality more inexplicable than the Divine Unity.

The three Persons are no more inexplicable on grounds of human reason, than the One God. "Canst thou by searching find out God, or know the Almighty to perfection?" All we know of God is simply through his own august revelation, and if he has been pleased to reveal himself, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three Persons and one God, we have no alternative but to accept a Divine Trinity in Unity, or else make to ourselves other gods. In so doing we only deify a dogma of our own—we indulge an idolatry of the subtlest kind, disingenuously pretending a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. We set up our mental images of Deity, rejecting his incarnate Divinity, who alone is the Revealer of the Father, the sole authorised representative of Deity, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and express image of his person," the "baptiser with the Holy Ghost."

There is a special unity, *per se*, in each of the Divine Personalities, distinct from their common unity in the same Godhead. There is "one God and Father of us all: one Son, the Redeemer of us all: one Holy Ghost, the sanctifier of all them that believe." With which of the three unities and their several functions can a sinner dispense? Without the Father, the soul is more than orphan; without the Redeemer, the soul is lost already; without the Sanctifier, the soul can never be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. In the meantime there is nothing in the Arian heresy to supplement the tremendous forfeiture of Father, Saviour, Comforter, except the dry bones of a visionary unbelief, with no quickening Spirit to "breathe on these slain that they may live." We are at one with the Arian in his belief in the Father's unity; we are at issue with him, when he ex-

communicates himself from the scriptural hope of salvation, based upon the oneness of the Father, with the Son, and with the Spirit. The three Persons and one God reveal a common unity in their adorable Trinity, by a co-operative economy of grace, through which the Father accepts the work of the Son, which work the Holy Spirit applies, and builds up, from basement to topmost-stone, in a believing soul.

If this be the Divinely revealed plan of redemption, no human theories can with impunity set it aside, and substitute another. Abraham may offer the ram which God provided for a burnt-offering, in the stead of Isaac; but he may not offer Isaac, nor anything of his own, in the stead of the ram. "Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

Furthermore, the one propitiatory sacrifice, once for all, of the Lamb of God, is perpetuated, not in a rival series of repeated sacramental offerings by priests on earth, but in his own ever-living intercession, as our one and only High Priest in heaven. The merciful concurrence of the Trinity of Divine Persons in the blessed unity of the work of salvation, is expressed in the Redeemer's promise which comprises Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: "I (the Son) will pray the *Father*, and he shall give you another *Comforter*, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth."

And this abiding of the Trinity in a believing soul, as the three Divine visitants abode in the tent of Abraham, and "supped with him, and he with them," is predicated, not only of the indwelling Spirit, but equally of the Father and of the Son; as Jesus taught: "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and *make our abode with him.*"

Thus the Lord Jesus stands not alone at the door of men's understandings, consciences, and affections. His words are true there, as everywhere: "I am not alone; my Father is with me." And the Holy Ghost also, for his message is still the same: "Hear what the Spirit saith to the churches." In effect the Trinity of Persons say, "We made man in our image, after our likeness," "body, soul, and spirit"—the symbol trinity in man reflecting its corresponding relations in the Triune phenomema of Deity. We would renew that image which sin has marred, and restore that likeness which "after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." For this purpose the Son of God came "in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin," body, soul, and spirit—as, in the primeval manhood, repeated the Adam before the Fall—took our nature upon him, that we might become again "partakers of the Divine nature," and "be made like unto him." With this gracious and ultimately glorious end in view, the Lord Jesus represents himself as still standing at

sinners' doors, and knocking, though so generally in vain, as he probably often did at the barred and unbelieving doors of Judah in the days of his flesh, when no man opened to him. But the loving, tender promise is to every man, because to *any* man: for, "if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." It must be a hard heart that can refuse his invitation. Then, indeed, "to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, lest he swear in his wrath, They shall not enter into my rest."

Believe in God, as the infinite Being who must ever retain some one incommunicable mystery inaccessible to finite beings of his own creation. As a man ascending a mountain, at each successive height expands his field of view, though height after height a new horizon still circumscribes its area, so it is, and so probably it will be, in our views of the attributes of Jehovah.

The more we know of him, the more we shall find we have yet to know. One mystery of his Divine Being is removed after another, only to involve our thoughts in a profounder mystery still; point after point may give way to research and growing spirituality of communion with God, but there will be, and always must be, an ultimate point beyond which finite cognisance of the Infinite must fail. That point, on this side eternity, may be the Trinity in Unity; but if some other revelation explained the Trinity, that exponent would only take its place. The mystery would be one step further in advance, but the horizontal line of Deity would still obscure an infinitude of unexplored immensity beyond. The Christian's last ejaculation would be the same as his first: "Great is the mystery of godliness! It is high, I cannot attain unto it." Not that filial nature is wholly silent in her inarticulate suggestions of a Triune Creator, nor is the order of her operations altogether destitute of emblems of the doctrine. Exposition may be at fault, but illustration supplies a substitute. Thus, time, as it seems to man, is a fragment of eternity; but in the prevision of Deity, time and eternity are as one; and so, for aught we know, or can conceive, space is infinite as eternity; yet with God distance and duration are as one. He who "inhabith eternity" is also "the fulness that filleth all in all," for ever occupying with himself all time and space.

He is Jehovah, the everlasting Now and the universal Here. These qualities of being and occupation are beyond man's comprehension, but not more so than the Triunity of the Godhead. A Triune Deity may be no difficulty with the angels who excel in strength: man, the inhabitant of such a parenthesis of eternity, as, for want of a better word, is denominated time, can only recognise in the idea of eternity a succession of

durations. Thus we think of a past eternity, a present eternity, and a future eternity, suggested by the facts of past, present, and future times; and to us they are the past, the present, and the future. But to Him "which is, which was, and which is to be," there are not three times, but one time—not three eternities, but one eternity. For ever one, and yet for ever three; without confusion of periods, yet with identity of nature. At any given moment the past, present, and future of eternity co-exist together, yet distinct, each everlastingly itself, yet the other, and every other, the same as each—one infinite, indissoluble duration, "without beginning of time, or end of days, but abiding," like Him whose mystic attribute it is,

"continually, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." That which is the present to-day, was the future yesterday, and will be the past to-morrow; yet these relations to each other of present, future, past, constitute, in the sight of God, one time, as time itself is but a type or revelation of eternity. I forbear to apply the parallel of these relations of time or eternity to the Divine Persons, lest the infirmity of creature speech should stumble on irreverence. Let the readers of *THE QUIVER* think it over solemnly and silently in the shrine of their own meditations. In every case, may they be led to accept and hold fast the doctrine, though they reject, or fail to perceive, the illustration.

AT THE TOP OF A LONG CHIMNEY.

A MAN will go blind, and mad too, from fear; I have seen it happen, and if you don't mind listening, will tell you the story. I was apprenticed to a builder when I left school, and soon got to like the trade very much, especially when the work was perilous, and gave me a chance to out-do the other lads in daring. "Spider" was my nickname in those days, given partly on account of my long legs, for I had outgrown my proportions, and partly because they said I could crawl along a roof, like my namesake. When I was about three-and-twenty, I was working with the famous Mr. —, and went down to Swansea with his picked hands, to carry out a contract he had taken in that town. While there, I fell in love with the prettiest girl I had seen in Wales, and that is saying a good deal. For a time I fancied she liked me, and that I was getting on very well with my love-making, but I soon found my mistake, for an old lover of hers joined our men, and Mary gave me the cold shoulder directly. You may believe this sweetheart of hers (who was called Ben Lloyd) and I were not the best friends in the world; but I am not the sort of fellow to harbour malice, and when the biddings to the wedding went round, and I knew that my chance was gone, I made the best of it; I kept my sore heart to myself, and determined to beat down jealousy, by being great chums with Ben.

I went to the wedding; and there were not many days when I did not steal half an hour to sit by his fireside, which was as bright and cosy and homelike as you'd wish to see—Mary being the soul of order and industry. It is not, perhaps, the usual way of driving out envy, to go and look at the happiness another man has done you out of, but you know the proverb says, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and so it

was, I got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister, and Ben had no cause for jealousy, although there were plenty of evil tongues ready to put him up to it.

The contract was nearly up, when a lightning-conductor upon one of the highest chimneys over at Llanelly sprang, and the owner of the works offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry," said Mr. —, when he told us of it.

I touched my cap, and accepted it off-hand, and then Ben stepped up and said he'd volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

"All right," said the master, "you are the steadiest-headed fellows I have. The price is a good one, and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work, but take the first calm morning, and get it done quietly."

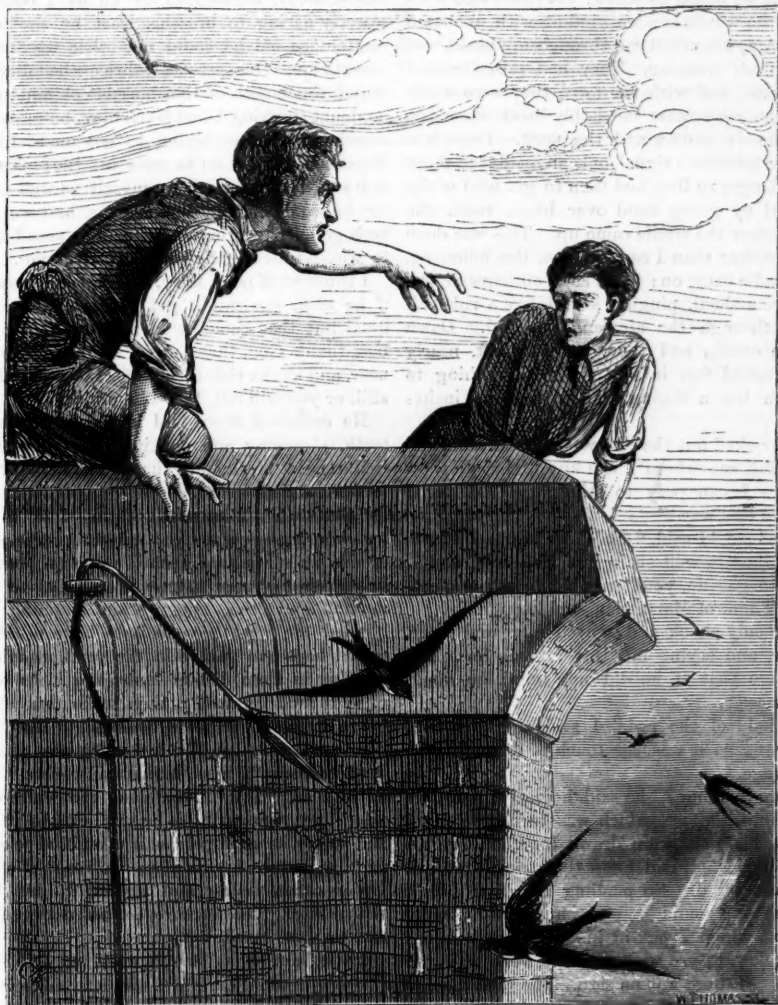
So it was that, some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves at Llanelly, and all ready for the start. The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney, was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the cradle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

There had been very few people about when we went into the yard, but as we got higher, I saw that the news had spread, and that the streets were filling with sightseers.

"There's plenty of star-gazers, Ben," I said, waving my cap to them; "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Cannot you keep quiet?" answered Ben, speaking in a strange tone; and turning to look, I saw that he was deadly pale, and sat in the bottom of the cradle, huddled up together, with his eyes fast shut.

"You're not frightened, old chap?" I asked.



(Drawn by C. MORGAN.)

"What could I now do to save his life?"—p. 58.

"What's that to you?"

"Oh, nothing; only we are getting up pretty quickly, and you'd have a better head for work if you'd get gradually used to the height."

He said nothing, and never moved. Then looking up, I saw we were close to the top—a few yards more, and we would be there; yet those who were turning the windlass were winding with unabated speed. A sudden chill ran through my blood, and set my flesh creeping. They had miscalculated the distance, and with the force they were winding at, the rope must inevitably break when the cradle came in contact with the block. There was no time to attempt a signal, only an instant to point out the danger to Ben, and then to get hold of the rope, and by going hand over hand, reach the coping before the cradle came up. This was done almost quicker than I can tell you, Ben following.

The cradle came on; then, as I anticipated, the rope gave a shrill, pinging sound, like a rifle-ball passing through the air, and snapped. Down went the cradle, and there were we left, nearly three hundred feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping, barely eighteen inches wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead man, and cried, "Tell me where I can kneel, Harry; show me where I can pray to Almighty God, for I cannot die this way!"

"Hush! lad," I said, "don't lose heart: God can hear you just as well sitting as kneeling; and if you try to get up, you'll tumble, to a moral certainty. Think of Mary, man, and keep up."

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning, and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that if he did not mind, he would overbalance.

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

"Where is it, boy?" he said, hoarsely; and then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, squinting and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind. So pushing myself to him, I placed my arm round his waist, and worked round to the rod, which I put in his hand; and then I looked below, to see whether they were trying to help us; but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running hither and thither; and, as I afterwards knew, all in the greatest consternation; the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works, killing him on the spot, and so occupying the attention of those near, that we unfortunates were for the time forgotten. I was straining my eyes, in hope of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of a new danger, for looking round, I saw Ben champing with his

teeth, and foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly way. Fear had not only blinded him, but crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this, when he began edging his way towards me; and every hair on my head seemed to stand on end, as I moved away, keeping as far off as I could, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me, for see me he could not—that was my only consolation. Once—twice—thrice—he followed me round the mouth of that horrible chimney; then, no doubt thinking I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on to his feet. What could I now do to save his life? To touch him was certain death to myself as well as him, for he would inevitably seize me, and we should both go over together. To let him stand up was to witness his equally certain destruction.

I thought of poor Mary, and I remembered that if he died, she might get to care for me. The devil put that thought in my mind, I suppose; but, thank God, there was a stronger than Satan near, and at the risk of my life, I roared out, "Sit still, or you will fall, Ben Lloyd!"

He crouched down and held on with clenched teeth, shivering and shaking. In after-days, he told me that he thought that it was my spirit sent to warn and save him.

"Sit still," I repeated from time to time, watching with aching eyes and brain for some sign of aid. Each minute seemed to be an hour. My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clave to my mouth, and the perspiration running down blinded me. At last—at last—hope came. The crowd began to gather in the yard, people were running in from distant lanes, and a sea of faces were turned upwards; then some one who had got a speaking trumpet shouted, "Keep heart, boys, we'll save you!" A few minutes more and the kite began to rise; higher and higher it comes, on and on. How I watched the white-winged messenger, comparing it in my heart to an angel; and surely, as an angel was it permitted to come to us poor sinners hanging on the verge of eternity. Up it came, nearer and nearer, guided by the skilful flier. The slack rope crossed the chimney, and we were saved.

I could not shout hurrah, even had I dared; but in every beat of my heart was a thanksgiving to the God I had never truly known till that hour, and whose merciful providence I can never doubt again.

The block was fixed, the cradle came up again, and Ben obeying my order, got in. I followed; but no sooner did I touch him than he began trying to get out. I got hold of him, and taking it in his head that I was attempting to throw him over, he struggled and fought like the madman he was—grappling, tearing with his teeth, shouting,

shrieking, and praying all the way down, while the cradle strained and cracked, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. As we came near the ground I could hear the roar of voices, and an occasional cheer; then suddenly all was silent, for they had heard Ben's cries, and when the cradle touched the ground, scarcely a man dare look in. The first who did, saw a horrible sight, for, exhausted by the struggle and excitement, so soon as the cradle stopped I had fainted, and Ben feeling my hands relax, had fastened his teeth into my neck!

No wonder the men fell back with blanched faces: they saw that Ben was crazed; but they

thought that he had killed me, for as they said, he was actually worrying me like a dog.

At last the master got to us, and pulled Ben off me. I soon came round, but it was a long time before he got well, poor fellow; and when he did come out of the asylum, he was never fit for his old trade again, so he and Mary went out to Australia, and the last I heard of them was, that Ben had got a couple of thousand sheep, and was doing capitally.

I gave up the trade, too, soon after, finding that I got queer in the head when I tried to face height. So, you see, that morning's work changed two men's lives.

L. D. FENTON.

ABYSSINIAN NOTES.

BY A LATE CAPTIVE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF KING THEODORE AND HIS QUEEN.

TROUNESH" (*she is pure*) was a daughter of Dejjatch Oubie, formerly the ruler of Tigré and all the adjacent districts from the Taccazé down to the sultry plains that skirt the Red Sea. Axum, its ancient capital, which was built by the Ptolemies, has long since sunk into decay, and around its dilapidated obelisks have risen clusters of modern huts, which stand in mocking contrast to these remains of a bygone civilisation.

Trounesh was born in 1842, at Mai Sahala, a district of Semien, and was baptised under the cognomen of Weleda Tecla Haimanot, the most popular saint in the Abyssinian calendar. Beautiful as an infant, she grew still more attractive and fascinating as she advanced into girlhood. In those sunny climes, where the child of twelve or thirteen merges into the ripe bloom of womanhood, life seems almost deprived of one of its most pleasing charms. Trounesh's birth and personal loveliness drew many powerful beaux to her father's court. Oubie himself, though most unscrupulous in his own conduct, jealously watched over the virtues of his children. His own house being too much the rendezvous of licentious chiefs, Trounesh, to escape the contagious pollution, accompanied by her mother, went to reside in a secluded convent. Here the young "woizero" (*lady*), learned to read the Psalms and other portions of Holy Writ, which made a deep and lasting impression on her ardent and sensitive heart.

In the year 1853, Kasa, the celebrated Kossowendor's son, better known by the name of King Theodore, began to create some sensation on the political and military arena of his country. He had already fought many a battle, and displayed

much daring valour. Queen Menin, the consort of the titular emperor, jealous of the dangerous rival to her power, exerted her utmost skill to arrest the onward progress of the ambitious soldier. Baffled in all her wily schemes to compass his ruin, she at last threw into his arms her own granddaughter, in the vain hope that she would abet her criminal intent. The poor girl, instead of becoming a partner in the plot, really loved her husband, and frequently interposed to save him, at considerable personal risk, from the fury of her grandmother. Kasa, provoked by the queen, raised the standard of rebellion, and in a severely-contested battle defeated her troops, and secured her person. The captivity of the queen induced her son to shake off his wonted sloth, and to march against the arrogant rebel. In a battle at Aishal, in Deimbia, he achieved prodigies of valour; but his star had set, and before night he was a fugitive fleeing for his life.

These victories established the fame of Kasa, and also inflamed his passions for war and bloodshed, conquests and triumphs. He now cast aside his mask, and openly indulged in those vices that eventually led to his fall and ruin. To his attached and faithful partner he had hitherto been kind and indulgent; but now, whenever any incident occurred to ruffle his temper, she had to feel the weight of his hand, or, what was much worse, the lacerating lash of the cruel *giraffe*—a whip made of the hide of the hippopotamus. Like other great chiefs, he enlarged his harem, and profusely quaffed potent draughts of hydromel and arukee. His ambition kept pace with his vices. Chiefs that were suspected of disaffection were consigned to his dungeons, or suspended on trees in the public markets. His poor wife, who had been most cruelly rewarded for her fidelity, to his grief, died in 1857. For a time he seemed to feel the

aching void created by the bereavement, and Abyssinia for about two years enjoyed an unknown peace and quietude. Sole ruler of a large realm, with no considerable enemy to dispute his power, Kasa, who had four years before been crowned by the pompous name of Theodorus, once more thought of finding a consort, and that, too, a consort worthy to bear the name of "Iteghie" (*queen*). Reports about the beauty and virtue of Trounesh, the daughter of the imprisoned Tigre prince, had, indeed, reached his ears and awakened a kind of vague, fickle passion in his unfeeling, faithless heart. The poor girl, in the seclusion of her lonely convent, with no companion or friend except her affectionate mother, little dreamt of the dignity to which she would ere long be raised. Happy in her mountain solitude, where undisturbed she could hold communion with nature and nature's God, she dreaded to enter that outer world of sin and suffering to which, till then, she was a perfect stranger. The royal wooer had no sympathy with such scruples, and Trounesh had to quit, at the bidding of a father and the commands of a royal wooer, the seclusion of a convent for the court of a king.

Mr. Bell, Theodore's adjutant, was the favoured individual selected for the delicate errand of conducting the bride-elect from the sanctuary where for several years she and her mother had found a secure and unmolested home. To execute the task entrusted to him with becoming dignity, Mr. Bell had to display great caution and tact, as the least deviation from the established code might have involved serious risks. His arrangements, as he told me himself, were unexceptional. Immediately on arriving near the convent, he ordered a closed passage to be constructed of the tents which he had brought for that purpose. This being done, the bride, swathed and muffled like a mummy, was led by her mother and a bevy of waiting women within the canvas fence, where gorgeously caparisoned mules stood ready to convey her and her nearest relatives to the scene that was to witness her union with the mighty Theodorus. On the announcement that all were mounted, a dozen horsemen quickly darted in front of the female procession to keep clear the road; whilst the rest of the retinue, in measured steps and perfect silence, followed in the rear. The etiquette observed on the first day was rigorously maintained throughout the whole of the journey. On their arrival at Debra Tabor, where the king was sojourning, the happy lady who was won without being wooed, and who got a husband without ever having seen a lover, met from King Theodorus and his numerously assembled subjects the most gratifying, and enthusiastic reception.

In Abyssinia, where civil marriages have almost superseded the solemn unions of the church,

scarcely one in a hundred will have recourse to a religious ceremony to cement indissolubly the bond between bride and bridegroom. A certain agreement, by which the husband binds himself to pay a stipulated number of cows and shamas (*dresses*) to his wife, is all that is required in that country; and then they may, perhaps, become attached to each other, and live peaceably in this ever-changing world; or, as not unfrequently happens, they may become disgusted with one another after the lapse of some weeks, or months, and separate. During the period that King Theodore remained in the altered mood which he had chosen, or had been induced by good counsel to follow, many of the chieftains, in order to please their master, sought the church sacrament to confirm, after the example of his Majesty, their matrimonial vow. And did not an ignorant and fanatic priesthood deny this sacred rite to the majority of their applicants, conjugal fidelity and hallowed affection would soon supplant gross sensuality and foul vice. The king's civil marriage being attested by a jubilant nation, nothing else was requisite to make it lasting and secure but the holy communion; and this the happy pair received in grand state, the week following, from the hands of the Abuna Salama, the metropolitan of the church, who had been summoned from Magdala for that purpose. Great feasting is indispensable on grand occasions in Abyssinia, and the amount of raw beef consumed on such a festive day quite exceeds the bounds of credibility. Most guests eat from seven to eight pounds, and absorb, if they can get it, a proportionate quantity of strong intoxicating hydromel. Hundreds of beeves were for about a week sacrificed every day to satisfy hungry visitors, who thronged around the liberal board of royalty; whilst the jars of liquid drained by those thirsty souls exceeded all computation.

The day after the Abuna had administered the holy communion to the king and queen, we repaired to the royal residence to attend a grand levee. His Majesty—who sat in most unkingly style, on a dilapidated wall—turned to us, and, in a clear, ringing tone of voice said, "My children, you are welcome." He then began to inquire about Eufope, and the nations beyond Jerusalem. I told his Majesty that it was customary in our country to congratulate those who had entered into the happy bond of matrimony, and that we gladly availed ourselves of our national custom to present our unfeigned wishes and prayers on the auspicious event, which had caused such universal and sincere joy throughout his empire.

"My people are bad," he quickly replied; "they love rebellion and hate peace; delight in idleness and are averse to industry; but if God continues to me life, I will eradicate all that is bad, and introduce all that is good."

His intentions were good, but his acts atrociously bad. Poor Trounesh little anticipated, when she heard the joyous shouts of the people, and watched the affectionate smiles that irradiated her husband's happy countenance, that ere long love would turn into hatred, and soft words be exchanged for the unfeeling eunuch's cracking whip.

For some time they lived in harmony and peace. But, unfortunately, on one inauspicious morning, Trounesh playfully asked her husband, "Why did you keep my father so long in prison?"

This roused all his latent savage passions, and in an indignant and exasperated tone he retorted, "You seem to love your father much more than you love me."

It is said that these few words were the knell of the queen's domestic happiness and joy. The king very likely pleased that in the coldness of his wife he had at least a flimsy pretext for breaking the solemn vows of constancy which he had pledged on the day of their union, now openly indulged in a licentiousness that wrung the poor queen's heart with anguish and grief. The tyrant, true to his vile nature, invariably hated most those whom he had wronged most. The discarded queen formed no exception. Supplanted by vile courtisans and unwilling concubines, the poor wife, even in the closest retirement of the harem, was a reproving angel to her guilty husband, and as Theodore did not like to have his pleasures marred, Trounesh, with her son Alamayou, was dispatched to the Amba Magdala. Prompted by caprice, he one day requested her to come back to him. Firmly, but respectfully, she replied, "I will obey if you discharge your concubines."

Unhappy Trounesh, notwithstanding the ill treatment she had experienced, cherished still a lingering attachment to the father of her child, and perhaps she would have yielded to his request, had not the cruelties and revolting atrocities which he began to perpetrate destroyed all prospects of a reunion.

In 1865, the king, during his stay at Magdala, frequently visited her. Trials and troubles had imparted to her formerly bright and radiant features a forbidding, melancholy gloom. Such looks the king hated. One day, on entering her house, he said, "Trounesh, why art thou so sad?"

"Haven't I cause?" was the laconic reply.

A week later he again favoured her with his unwelcome presence. She perceived his entrance, but took no notice of it.

"Why don't you rise," asked the irritated monarch, "when I enter your house?"

"I am engaged with a great man," was the response.

"And pray who is your mighty companion, proud daughter of my prisoner?"

"My companion is David."

"Then why don't you speak to me?"

"I am listening to the voice of God speaking in the pages of his Word, and this affords me greater joy than converse with other lips."

"Trounesh, you don't love me."

"How can I love a man before whom I must quake and tremble?"

"Have you forgotten that I liberated your father when I married you?"

"You removed the fetters from the limbs of my aged father, but you must not forget that you rivetted them on his daughter."

The disappointed and enraged king, after such unsatisfactory interviews, more than once resolved to kill her; but an instinctive attachment to his son—whom Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has most generously undertaken to educate—interposed an effectual barrier to the execution of this fell design.

To revenge himself on the unfortunate queen, she was publicly deposed, and a rival, named Yatomanyo, the wife of a Yetsho chief, raised to her forfeited rank. This unfortunate woman, who had been abducted from her husband's home, maintained to the very last her precarious position and name. She was shrewd and expert. Condemned to submit to her fate, she effectually dissimulated her own feelings, whilst she unhesitatingly pandered to the grossest vices of the debauched king. Love I know she never felt for the tyrant, but to save her life she caressed where she hated, and breathed affection into ears she could have stunned with curses and maledictions.

Trounesh was now very badly treated. Her domestic establishment was reduced, her daily rations curtailed, her domicile changed, and even her wardrobe stripped. Her brothers, who were chained prisoners in the common gaol, were not permitted to see her, nor to have any communication with her. A faithful female slave now and then ventured stealthily to convey to them some intelligence, but the import, as I heard from their own lips, was always sad and sorrowful. Debarred from all intercourse with confiding hearts and genial minds, the ill-fated woman, in her lonely hut at Magdala, had a font of comfort in that faith which sweetened her bitter cup in life, and cheered her in the dark hour of death.

Her stormy career closed at Eik Hullat, 178 miles from Magdala, and her mortal remains British troops interred with military honours in the church at Chellikot.

H. A. STERN.

WAITING FOR FATHER.

FISHERMAN, fisherman,
 Over the sea,
 True hearts are yearning,
 Longing for thee.
 Bright eyes are watching,
 At dawn of day—
 Watching for father,
 Far, far away.
 Baby's hands waving
 Proudly in air;
 Mother's lips moving
 Meekly in prayer;
 Wafting above
 Missions of love,
 Pleading to Heaven "poor father" to spare.

Fisherman, fisherman,
 Dreaming of home;
 Breasting the billows,
 Cleaving the foam,—
 Grasp tight the rudder,
 Spread out the sail,
 Let the boat merrily
 Dance to the gale.
 Rest after labour
 Cometh for thee:
 Soon, soon shall baby
 Sit on thy knee;
 Soon shall be prest
 Close to thy breast
 All that is dear to thee over the sea.

MATTHIAS BARR.

A COLD-WATER CURE.

JESSIE and Alice Wiles were sisters. They had never known a mother's watchful care, for Mrs. Wiles died when little Alice was scarcely two years old. Mr. Wiles was devotedly attached to his little motherless children, but as his business detained him the greater part of the day in the great city, Jessie and Alice were left almost entirely in the charge of the servants.

They did not always act towards each other as kindly as sisters should. Jessie had a domineering way with Alice, and was, quietly, very provoking. Alice, in return, would fly into the most dreadful passions, at which times she lost all control over herself. These disputes occurred very frequently, causing their father much anxiety and themselves much sorrow.

I am now going to show you how they were cured of these faults.

One day, Alice, the younger sister, had been very tiresome, and as a punishment she was to remain in the nursery all day, instead of being allowed to go down-stairs in the drawing-room after dinner. Alice did not believe at first that nurse would carry out her threat; but when she saw Jessie with her clean white pinafore, and hair nicely curled, and she left to her own devices, she worked herself up into a violent passion, crying and stamping her feet in a furious manner.

"Well, cry-baby," said Jessie, "I wouldn't let everybody know what a passion I was in. If you scream like that you will have the people in the street stopping to know what is the matter."

"If you don't be quiet I'll give it to you, you nasty thing," screamed Alice.

"Oh! will you, though. I'm sure you won't, for I

am just going down-stairs to tell papa what a nice temper you're in," returned Jessie.

Now this was a tender point with Alice. She was very fond of her papa, and could not bear that he should know of all her misdoings. Accordingly, Jessie, when she wanted to tease Alice very much, would always press this point.

"Good afternoon, Alice," said Jessie; "I'm just going to fetch papa to see your red eyes and pretty face."

"You dare to," replied Alice; and taking up a knife that lay on a table at her side, without a moment's thought, she flung it at her sister.

A loud cry, and Alice saw Jessie's forehead covered with blood.

In a moment her passion had vanished. Terrified and sobered, she threw her arms round Jessie's neck, and begged her forgiveness, but Jessie shook her off; and the nurse, who had been in an adjoining room when she heard the cry, arriving at this moment, bore Jessie off, to wash away the blood and bandage her forehead.

Alice was sitting in an out-of-the-way corner of the room, very repentant and very much ashamed, when she was startled by hearing her father's voice.

"Alice," said he, "how is it that you have so given way to your evil passions, and so far lost all control, as to take up a knife to your sister? Do you not know that it is only God's mercy that has preserved you from the crime of which Cain was guilty?"

Alice hung down her head, but made no reply.

"You have not only grieved me," continued Mr. Wiles, "but far worse. You have sinned against God, and against his Son. You have crucified the

Son of God afresh.' Will you ask him to forgive you, Alice?"

"Yes, papa," replied Alice.

"I shall leave you here by yourself," returned Mr. Wiles, "in order that you may think over your conduct; and I trust that this will prove a warning to you, and that I shall never again have to reprove you for such an act;" and Mr. Wiles turned to go.

"Papa," cried Alice, "will you tell me if Jessie is very much hurt? Will she be ill, or, perhaps——"

Die was the word Alice meant, but she could not utter it. Her papa understood her meaning, and answered—

"No, Alice, thank God, it is not so bad as that. Jessie is in no danger; but I am afraid she will bear the scar to her death."

Alice shuddered at the thought of what the consequence might have been; but now her feeling was one of entire thankfulness at her escape.

Alice had not been left alone very long, when Jessie entered the room. Her face, very white through loss of blood, was rendered mere ghastly by the bandages round her forehead.

"I have come to tell you," said Jessie, "that I am very sorry I was so unkind to you just now, when you asked me to forgive you."

"Then you will forgive me now," exclaimed Alice.

"No, Alice; it is not for me to forgive, when I was as bad as you, for I provoked you, and papa has been telling me that the first one who gives offence is as bad, if not worse, than the other."

"Well, you will kiss me then, will you not, Jessie?"

"Oh, yes," said Jessie, doing so. "And now I am going to lie down, for nurse says I am to sleep as much as I can."

And Alice was again left to herself.

As the days passed on, Jessie recovered her strength, for loss of blood had very much weakened her, and in process of time was enabled to leave off her bandages; but she always bore on her forehead a large ugly scar.

For the next two years Alice and Jessie were better friends than they had ever been before, and Mr. Wiles began to rejoice in the hope that Alice's temper and Jessie's provocativeness had been cured, when an event happened, that was even more disastrous in effect than the one that had taken place two years back.

Belonging to the house in which Mr. Wiles lived, was a very extensive piece of ground, thickly set with trees and shrubs, and known as the shrubbery. In the centre of this place was a small lake, on which was always kept a little boat. This shrubbery was a very favourite resort of the sisters in very hot weather.

It so happened, one very hot day, that Jessie and Alice had carried their work and books to the shrubbery, and were lazily enjoying themselves under a tremendous oak-tree, whose kindly branches

afforded them a delightful screen from the blazing sun. Suddenly Alice started up, exclaiming—

"Oh! Jessie, I am so tired of staying here. Do let us go down to the lake, and pick some of those pretty flowers that grow in the water."

"I don't think we can reach them, Alice," said Jessie.

"Oh, yes, we can," returned Alice; "they grow very close to the water's edge."

"Very well, then, come along; we will leave the books and workbox here on this mound, and fetch them as we come back;" and so saying they scampered off towards the lake.

Arrived there, they endeavoured to clutch at some of the pretty white flowers that grew and flowered abundantly on its surface, but found that the distance between them was far too great.

Alice suggested a stick, and immediately carried her suggestion into practice, by tearing a long pliant twig from a willow whose branches hung over the lake and were laved by its waters.

But this experiment proved to be a useless one, for by the time the flowers were dragged to shore, they were so broken and bruised that Alice cast them away as worth nothing.

"I've an idea," exclaimed Alice, "and a good one too; let's get in the boat, and we shall be able to stretch over and get them beautifully."

"Ah! but we must not go in the boat, you know," said Jessie; "papa has expressly forbidden it."

"What papa meant was, that we must not row; he would not mind our getting in, I am sure, and we can get the flowers if we lean over the further end. Come along; if you don't go I shall;" and Alice started along the margin of the lake to where the boat was moored, Jessie slowly following. In Alice jumped, and gaily held out her hand to Jessie to follow.

She sat down on the furthest seat of the boat, Jessie sitting the other side, in order to balance it. Very soon she had gathered all the flowers within reach, but she was by no means satisfied; she wanted a large bunch.

The boat was fastened to the shore by a chain with a hook at the end, which was attached to a large iron ring; nothing was easier than to unfasten this.

Alice, without telling Jessie what she was about to do, requested her to sit in the middle of the boat for a minute, as she was going to get out. Jessie did as she was asked, thereupon Alice clambered out of the boat, and with her back turned so as to hide what she was about, quickly unfastened the chain, and holding on to it, jumped into the boat.

"There, Jessie," she exclaimed, "we shall just float out about a yard, and we shall be able to get plenty of flowers. "You need not be frightened," she added, with an air of superiority, "I know how to get back that distance."

They resumed their former position on each side

of the boat, Jessie offering no remark, but gathering the flowers.

On looking back, after a few minutes, they discovered that already they were several yards from the land.

"There, Alice," exclaimed Jessie, "it's quite time to go back. Do take the oar and push back to the shore."

"You're frightened," said Alice, contemptuously.

"I am not frightened, indeed," muttered Jessie, angrily, to herself.

"Well, then," returned Alice, "there are some lovely forget-me-nots on the other side of the lake, and I am going to fetch some. If you are not frightened, you can come and help me row."

"Row!" exclaimed Jessie; "you don't know how to row."

"Yes I do. It's only putting the oars in the water and taking them out again," saying which, Alice took up an oar in order to put her theory into practice.

She lifted the oar into the water and was pulling at it as she had seen her papa do, when, all of a sudden, over she went, tumbling into the back part of the boat, and knocking her head.

Jessie burst out laughing, at which Alice was not very pleased; but she said nothing, and tried again, this time with better success, and she managed to keep the boat floating till they reached the middle of the lake.

"Take hold of the oar, a minute, Jessie. I am so hot," said Alice.

"I shan't have anything to do with it," answered Jessie. "Papa will be finely angry when I tell him you have been rowing."

"So you are going to be a tell-tale!" exclaimed Alice, angrily.

"I never said I would not tell, did I?" returned Jessie.

"You had better not tell!" screamed Alice, in a perfect fury.

"Why, what will you do to me?" asked Jessie. "You dare not—"

But Alice, overcome with passion, left the oar, and standing up in the boat struck Jessie furiously, when, partly owing to Jessie's losing her balance and partly to Alice having left her place, the boat upset, and in a moment both were struggling in the water.

Their cries for assistance were heard by two men who were at work in Mr. Wiles's garden, which joined the shrubbery. These men hastened towards the lake, when they had no sooner seen what had happened than, dispatching one to the house for shawls, the other threw off his coat and plunged into the stream.

Swimming to the middle of the lake, he succeeded in grasping Alice the first time she rose to the surface; but he was not so successful with Jessie. Finding that Alice's weight proved a hindrance to his rescuing Jessie, he swam to the shore, and, delivering his burden to the nurse, who had arrived from the house, he again struck out. This time with greater success; but when he delivered Jessie to her nurse she was insensible.

The nurse now turned towards the house bearing Jessie in her arms, and the man who had been the messenger following with Alice. When they had reached home the nurse put them both to bed, and sent off for a doctor, who, when he arrived, pronounced Jessie to be in a high fever, caused by excitement and cold.

By the evening Alice had so far recovered as to be able to go down-stairs, and give her papa an account of what had taken place. Very gently he spoke to her, forbearing to scold, knowing that the sad news he had to tell her of her sister's danger would carry its own reproof.

The day passed on, and yet the fever remained unabated, and Alice knew not but that each succeeding day would leave her in reality her sister's murderess. Then a time came when the doctor spoke of a crisis, and one whole night the doctor remained by Jessie's bedside, watching anxiously for the change that must take place, and then, when the grey dawn broke, the news was carried to Alice, who had been waiting all night, that the worst was past.

It was with a very thankful heart that Alice thanked God for his mercy to her. Jessie's recovery now was slow but sure, and after a comparatively short time she was able to sit up in a chair and listen to Alice's reading. Never had invalid a more tireless or considerate nurse than Jessie had in Alice; and when praised for her kindness by visitors, she would reply, "It is the only way in which I can show my gratitude for having been spared the crime of murder."

Whenever Alice feels inclined to give way to a fit of passion, the sight of a scar on her sister's forehead reminds her of the first warning she received, the neglecting of which had so nearly proved fatal.

L. M. C.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 48.

"Dorcas."—Acts ix. 36.

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| 1. D oeg | 1 Sam. xxii. 18. |
| 2. O badkah | 1 Kings xviii. 3. |
| 3. R ehoboth | Gen xxvi. 22. |
| 4. C ushi | 2 Sam. xviii. 31, 32. |
| 5. A hava | Ezra viii. 15-23. |
| 6. S hemaiah | 2 Chron. xi. 2-4. |